

Spartan109

by Jadomaster

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Summary: SPARTAN109 fights to survive on Reach before it is glassed by the deadly Covenant and get back to the remaining Spartans alive! If you havn't been following htis story just rad the NEW CHAPTER! DON'T MISS THE END!

1. Doomed to fail

****DISCLAIMER:** I do not own Bungie, Halo, or any other related chars. except Spartan-109, Alex. He is MINE!**

****Also,** I don't know all the the laws and stuff for copyrights or anything, so if I am breaking any, please notify me and I will do what I can. PLEASE R&R!**

****0711 hours, August 30, 2552 (Military Calendar)**

> Epsilon Eridani system, Orbital Defense Generator
 Facility A-331, planet Reach. **

> SPARTAN-109, Alex, fired a quick, three round burst at the oncoming wave of Covenant. Dead bodies surrounded him on all sides. A fireball washed over the deck, as the Lotus anti-tank mines they had set detonated. His suits internal temperature rose. Plasma sliced at the rock he was using for shelter as the Grunts and Elites got closer.<p>

Alex leaned out from behind the rock and was immediately hit by a plasma bolt, which knocked him unsteady and blinded him for a moment. When he could see again, it was like he was in a meteor shower of streaking blue blobs. He fired a clip at the oncoming Grunts, and fed in a fresh one. Amidst the screams of Marines, the high pitched barking of the Grunts could be heard, getting louder and louder. A voice came through on the com.

"Alex this is getting to hot! We have to get ba..." then static erupted on the channel. Alex pinged the sender. There was no response. He cursed as he hurriedly tossed a grenade. It detonated by some Warthog fuel, and a wave of heat passed over him. A crystalline

shard impacted into the shoulder of a nearby Marine. The Marine screamed, and then exploded. Gore splashed across Alex's faceplate.

He used a hand to wipe some of it off his HUD. When at last he could see, he stared into the barrel of an overcharged plasma pistol. His reflexes kicked in, and he sidestepped to swing the butt end of his MA5B onto the Grunt's head. It impacted with a crack and the Grunt crumpled with a growl.

"Status" Alex said into the com. Eight acknowledgment lights winked blue. Six remained dark. He grimaced, and shot at an Elite who was flying a ghost. His rounds punched holes through the cockpit of the Ghost, and its rider. The craft screamed past him and exploded. Another Elite appeared two meters off to his right, and leapt at him. It grabbed his wrist holding the MA5B, and hit his faceplate with his other free hand. The attack bounced harmlessly off his shields. Alex rammed his knee into the Elites groin, and launched an open-hand strike at its chest. It screamed and let go of his wrist. Alex brought his MA5B up and fired once. The Elites shields flared but held. All at once, its shield popped and failed, and its right side was lacerated with bullets. Alex nodded in appreciation at SPARTAN-086, Nathan, who had finished the alien. Nathan waved back, and sent his boot through a Grunt's chest.

Alex groped for another clip, and found none. He looked around, saw the dead marine, and grabbed his ammo. He also took his dog tags. Suddenly a Banshee flyer screamed above them, and fired its heavy weapon; a plasma torpedo. The torpedo streaked towards reactor complex seven.

"Spartans hit the deck!" He yelled as he grabbed Nathan and tackled him to the floor. An explosion rocked the ground, and Alex's shields drained to nothing. An alarm claxon sounded, and the bar pulsed red as it slowly began to refill. Grunts yipped excitedly and pushed forward. Alex got up and keyed the com. "Spartans fall back! Fall back!" He then broadcasted to Team Alpha. "Generator complex seven has been compromised. Might be able to save number three." He yelled at what remained of Team Beta "Set off those charges now!" He cut the transmission backed away, firing as he went. There was a whoosh as Nathan fired a Jackhammer missile over his head. It destroyed a gold armored Elite who had, until two seconds ago, been leading his troops in a 'victory charge' An overcharged plasma bolt smashed into Alex's shoulder, rocketing him backwards.

Nathan threw away the launcher and ran towards him. Alex gritted his teeth and got to one knee, panting. Nathan was 10 yards away. Alex heard the scream of yet another Banshee. Nathan kept coming, unaware of the flier closing on him. Alex screamed at him to get down, barely being able to hear himself over the roar of battle. It seemed to go in slow motion. The Banshee raced towards the other Spartan. Nathan slowed, and turned around. Alex ran towards him, trying to reach him in time. SPARTAN-086 never knew what hit him.

Alex reeled as the explosion found him. He was knocked off his feet yet again and thrown back into a Warthog, which buckled under the pressure, and enveloped his lower torso. Hydrostatic gel boiled, along with his blood. _JUST GET UP!_ He yelled at himself.

He swore his inability to move. Alex opened up a com channel to the

rest of his team. His vision blurred. He gritted his teeth and concentrated on staying awake. Through the haze, he saw the Covenant rushing past, breaking through the defenses, overwhelming their forces. They were oblivious to him. A golden armored Elite was stabbing any Marine he found, dead or alive, with a plasma sword. He came to a Spartan. The Elite began to pick up the body, when the fail-safe system in the armor kicked in, sending fire in every direction. Alex's vision blurred. But he realized it was not his suit malfunctioning. A single tear fell onto his visor. Then he blacked out.

****AUTHOR'S NOTE: More chapters to come soon! I hope you like em!

2. Fresh Hope

****0712 hours, August 30, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
>Epsilon Eridani system, Orbital Defense Generator
Facility A-331,
planet Reach. ****

Teyep was happy. Today was the last day he was going to be fighting for two months. He was the brother of Yeyep, who had saved the life of an Elite. That Elite rewarded his brother greatly, by giving him command over a group of Jackals, and having Yeyep be his personal aid. And, being Yeyep's brother, he naturally got some reward too. Yes, it was good to be the brother of a hero.

Being in such a mood, Teyep had gotten in trouble with a golden armored superior. But, after he was destroyed by one of the Giant armored men, Teyep was as happy as could be. So happy, he began to sing a religious tune and hang back, instead of fighting the glorious fight.

He strode up towards reactor complex seven, hoping he could find a Ghost or Banshee to ride in instead of walking. Maybe even pretend to kill a few 'alive' Marines. Yes, you only did real work when you had to. "Always take the easy way out" was what Teyep always did.

Alex regained consciousness 37 minutes later. Little spots danced in front of his eyes. He looked around slowly. There was only one blip on his motion tracker, and it was a Grunt. Not a problem. Alex thought. I've just got to get out before he sees me. Groggily, he tried to move his right hand, but it was trapped inside the frame of the Warthog. He started to bend the mettle back with his free hand, when the Grunt saw him. He made a grab for its methane tank, but could not reach it.

Teyep barked in surprise as the Spartan grabbed for him. He scrambled backwards and shakily clutched his plasma pistol with a claw. _This is my one chance to be a hero_ he thought as he aimed at the struggling Spartan. As the overcharged plasma bolt discharged, Teyep smiled inwardly. This was going to be good. He waited for the plasma to cycle, and overcharged it again. He saw the Spartan shake violently, as his second blow struck, and collapsed the Spartans shields. Teyep's sense of inward power grew as he shot over and over, thought many bolts missed and hit the Warthog. He decided to take another step forward...

Alex lunged, and crushed the Grunt's gun and claw. This was the

moment he had been waiting for. With the last of his strength, he yanked the Grunt forward and slammed its methane tank into his visor. A crack lanced through the visor. The tank vented all the methane and the Grunt collapsed in a heap. But it was not over yet. The plasma was eating away the hood of the Warthog, which meant fire. The plasma was also slowly melting his MJOLNIR armor.

Fire suddenly erupted from the hood, and immediately spread to where Alex was trying to bend the Warthog in his weakened state. The internal temperature rose steadily, and the built in climate control in his MJOLNIR armor overloaded and failed. The visor shattered, sending a shard into his forehead.

He tore an arm free of the twisted metal and yanked off the helmet. He then easily bent the rest of the frame, and yanked his whole body from the wreckage of the 'Hog.

The Spartan collapsed onto his back, and took a minute to breathe. It was painful, but it helped him stay awake. He looked around at the battlefield. The shell-shocked earth was crumpled all over from multiple explosions. Bodies riddled the landscape, steam escaping their corpses. He looked away.

Alex then stumbled around policing weapons from the dead marines. He quickly got an MA5-B, double packs of ammo, and an HE pistol. He decided to start for the fallback position 16 kilometers north of where he was currently. With a sigh, Alex realized that the Warthogs had all been destroyed, and he would have to go on foot.

He remembered the message from Spartan-104, and started rummaging through the bodies for a different kind of transport.

3. Just One Victory

**0714 hours, August 30, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
>Epsilon Eridani system, 2 kilometers north of ODG,
Planet Reach.
**

Alex squinted dust out of his eyes, continued his monotonous walk towards the fallback position. He had managed to salvage a damaged Banshee from the battlefield. He got about 1,000 meters before it failed, and he was forced to jump out before it blew him to pieces. Now, he was forced to walk to the fallback position. The Spartan's suit's internal temperature was baking hot. His climate control was beyond repair, and he bet he could fry an egg on his MJOLNIR armor.

The sun beat mercilessly down on his exposed head as he plodded along. Alex drifted into a sort of dream state, as he slipped in and out of awareness. That was how they found him.

Two Hunters charged their fuel rod cannons and fired. A blob of green plasma arced towards the Spartan, who was totally unaware of it. One of the shots missed. The second one left a crater where the Spartan used to be. Now, it was laying on its back 20 yards away. And it was alive. Zuko Taffu Kolamee popped his spines, and bellowed his family war cry. Lowering his enormous shoulder, he charged the dazed armored man.

Alex shook his head. He was vaguely aware of a sound... some kind of battle cry, which meant trouble. The cannon's bomb had impacted the earth five feet in front of him, which sent him flying backwards, though no harm had been done. Now he got to one knee, and glanced up. His brain registered the charging Hunter with mild surprise, and he did not act at first. He had to clear his head. Years of training had other ideas though, and the instincts took over.

The training had taken that much a hold of him. He did not have to think about what he was doing, like any soldier, but it was more than that. It was like breathing or blinking to him. The actions were as common and normal as talking or sleeping. An extension of his body, a thing hammered into his brain and his soul from six years of age. Alex was completely and wholly military to the very gut of his being.

With the aforementioned ease, he rolled to the side and brought up his assault rifle. One of the razor-sharp spines along the hunter's back raked across his chest plate, slashing deep into the armor until it reached the spider web of crystalline deflective coating. There the spine was stopped and deflected harmlessly. Alex fired four quick bursts into the unprotected back of the Hunter, who went down in a splash of vivid orange blood.

Sensing danger yet again, he jumped three meters straight up. The second Hunter charged right under him, leaving small craters where it's massive foot had hammered the earth. Two or three spines raked across boots as he fell back down. The Hunter skidded to a stop, and turned around, fuming. Facing and killing an angry Hunter with only an assault rifle was crazy. Facing it with no shields was near suicide.

Yucca Taffu Kolamee was in anguish. The armored alien had killed his blood brother. He was the last of his line. He intended to make the alien pay. Pay very, very dearly.

Yucca fired his fuel rod gun. The alien dived to the right and the shot missed. The Hunter could sense the fatigue of this enemy. Sweat dripped off its brow, and it circled warily, waiting. Yucca did not intend on keeping the alien waiting long. Firing a shot to the armored man's left, he charged for the man's right.

The man tried to jump again, but the Hunter caught the man before he could clear his massive bulk. The Hunter smashed into him with a thump. The man cried out as Yucca ran over him like a ten ton truck. Yucca halted his charge 5 meters away from the alien. Turning around, he saw the man get up. Again. How could the man possibly be alive? What did it take to destroy one?

Alex scrambled to his feet and faced the Hunter. A trickle of blood seeped from his mouth, and one of his arms hung limp. The pain was good though. It would keep him sharp and awake. Alex primed and threw a grenade at the Hunter before it knew what was happening. Then, before the grenade had even detonated, he was already shooting. The grenade went off with a whump, and the Hunter let out a little cry of pain. Apparently he had hit at least something in the walking tank. The Spartan fired mainly to distract the Hunter while he backed up. He would need a lot of space to do this right. Alex secured the MA5B and pulled out a scavenged plasma grenade. The Hunter shook his massive head, and charged yet again. Mind racing, Alex let the tank

get about 2 meters from him, and then he jumped low enough to grab onto the Hunter's head. It was like riding a bull. But this bull was soon to be dead.

Alex primed and dropped the plasma grenade onto the helmet of the Hunter. It fused, and started to throb a sickly blue. He had four seconds. Jumping with all his strength, he launched himself 6 meters in a diagonal line away from the Hunter. Two seconds. He began his descent, and hoped the Hunter was far enough away not to kill him too. Then with a soft thump, he landed. The alien squealed, and exactly .24 seconds later, his head exploded in a firework of brilliant orange.

Alex sighed. It was over for the moment.

4. Spartan Style

****Disclaimer: I DO NOT OWN HALO OR ANYTHING CONCERNING HALO EXCEPT ALEX, SPARTAN-109 FOR THE BAZILIONTH TIME. ****

****0744 hours, August 30, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
> Epsilon Eridani system, unknown location,
 Planet Reach. ****

30 minutes later, Alex had entered a dense forest area. This was where Mendez had dropped them in the middle of winter on one of his missions. They were each given different portions of a map, and expected to find each other and piece them together correctly. They then had to find the extraction zone and they would be given a 'transport' back to base. It hadn't turned out just like that, but Alex had no time to start dwelling on his memories

He crouched down in the morning dew, listening for any sign of covenant. None so far. He had to depend highly on training and senses because his helmet had been fried back at the generators. It made him nervous to have part of his armor dysfunctional, and no sensors or com. unit. His arm throbbed.

The Spartan popped a stim. pill to keep him awake, and checked his armor visually. It wasn't in _too_ bad of condition. He had no shields, no hydrostatic gel, and no biofoam. He would have to be careful until he could find a dead Spartan and replace his parts with... he couldn't think on it anymore. Taking other Spartan's armor made him feel sick. Like he was robbing one of his family.

Alex pushed himself up, and grabbed his gear off the forest floor. He ran on, not trying to be stealthy at the moment. Suddenly, he heard the drone of two banshees approaching. Acting quickly, he rolled behind a tree and brought up his MA5-B. The banshees grew steadily bigger. He peered intently, trying to get a good shot in and down one. _Three...Two...One... _Just before he fired, Alex saw the glint of dull green armor. _Spartans? _He rushed out of his hiding place, waving his arms and screaming, but it was too late. They flashed over his head, and rapidly disappeared over the horizon. He noted the trajectory, and ran full tilt in that direction.

Had it been Spartans? Or had he imagined them? It didn't matter. If it wasn't Spartans it would be covenant. And if it was covenant they would be going to the bigger group, or attacking the others. Either way, he would eventually meet his comrades. Good.

At 0800 hours, Alex came to a shallow stream that ran through the valley he was now in. He cautiously approached when he saw that it had been scorched black with plasma fire, and the mangled body of a Hunter was strewn on the ground along with two banshees. Avoiding the twigs and leaves on the ground, he tread softly despite his heavy armor towards the edge of the stones. The Spartan waited awhile, listening and looking for danger. When he found none, he crept out and observed the carnage. The Hunter had been run over by one banshee; the other banshee was further back. It had skidded fifteen feet, leaving a deep furrow in the earth, stones piled up in front of its nose, smoke drifting from the fuselage.

He wondered where the other Hunter was. They always traveled in pairs, and would die for each other. The other one must have chased after whoever had killed his brother. It must have been the Spartans he saw earlier! His spirits lifted. They were alive! Maybe, if he was fast, he could catch them. He determined which direction the two had gone by the pounded earth and displaced stones that had been thrown up as the sprinted away.

Alex jogged after them, staying utterly silent despite his speed and size. He hoped to catch up with the other Hunter soon and help it along with its goal to 'transcend the physical' and join its blood brother. Eventually, the sound of confusion and chaos reached his ears. Slowing down, he crept on his good hand and knees towards the top of a small hill covered with underbrush. The other Spartan's had lain in the same spot, he realized as he inspected some extremely faint imprints. When he crested the hill, the Spartan saw an amazing sight. Wrecked wraiths with tendrils of fire streaming from them littered a shell-shocked ground that had been charred glassy black in many places. Grunts and jackals were strewn everywhere, and still others were nosing around trying to find out what happened. A few were firing at random places. A trail of crushed grunts and brush left by two surviving wraiths led away from the carnage and onwards to where Alex could hear more loud uproar.

The Spartan lay there for awhile, trying to digest all of this, when one of the jackals let out a harsh cry. They had seen him. The grunts charged the hill firing madly, and jackals formed a little wall of shields. Alex rolled back down the hill, and spotted a damaged wraith off to the side. _Maybe..._ Alex shot the first two grunts that came to the top of the hill, sending them spinning backwards. Others came to take their place, and poorly aimed plasma burnt through the air. Alex rolled to the side towards the Wraith. His shield bar was quickly receding as flames licked at his armor. He took cover behind the wraith, and readied a plasma grenade he had scavenged from the dead covenant before. Waiting until the group was nearly on top of him, Alex primed the grenade, stuck it on the small plasma reactors in the tank's guts, and sprinted away.

Unless he got about twenty meters away, he would be toast. He wished he had Kelly's speed. Plasma chased angrily behind him, one connected with his right hip. He kept going. _When is it going to detonate?_ Alex thought nervously as more shots splashed over his rapidly depleting shields. Suddenly, just when his shield gave out, the Wraith's reactors exploded, sending a wave of white-hot plasma in all directions. Alex didn't know how far he got, but it was far enough not to be toast and close enough to give him first degree burns on every inch of his body.

5. Stowaway

****YES!** I told you I would update! I TOLD YOU! HEHE! I did it! Anyway, I am going to try to do chapters with about 1,000 words each now so I can pace myself. Lets just say I am busy... Very busy. I am working on these 3 stories, doing school, doing youth group, computer game creating, being a concept artist for some people who are making a game, more school, and a bunch of other junk. So I am slow. ANYWAY I need 3 more reviews for the next chapter please! I have 8 right now, so I need to get 11. I know you can do it! And even if it is above 11, more would be very appreciated. ******

****Disclaimer:** I do not own anything Bungie related, and am not saying I do. I sure wish I did though. ******

****Claimer:** Spartan-109, Alex, is all mine... Hehe...******

****0810 hours, August 30, 2552 (Military Calendar)**
**>Epsilon Eridani system, near ONI underground facility,
Planet Reach.****

Again, Spartan 109 got up. He moved stiffly, checking his well-worn armor. The paint was bubbling and peeling off from the heat, leaving a dull grey undertone, but nothing else had been damaged. His arm throbbed badly. He looked warily back over his shoulder, surveying the damage. All of the Grunts and Jackals were fried, smoke gently drifting from their lifeless husks. Good.

There would be others still coming, but right now he had to get away from the massive fire that was starting, and get on towards the main encampment to the mountain. He, in desperation, grabbed a plasma pistol incase he needed something to shoot that he did not have to worry about, and taped it to his foreleg.

Alex ran as fast as he could, branches whipping in his face. He was trying to travel around the main Covenant force, which would prove to be a difficult task. Suddenly ahead, Alex heard the crashing and pulverizing of trees which signified yet another Wraith tank ahead. He desperately looked left and right, trying to find some cover, too tired to fight. There was none. And it sounded like a _lot _more than just one tank.

The tank crashed through a clump of trees, splintering their trunks, and toppling them. Alex blindly dove forward as its front end lifted up, to pass over the fallen behemoths, taken over by his wild, animal-like instinct for survival. He twisted onto his back as the underside loomed over him, and wrenched his arms into the mass of cables and tubes that were the guts of the anti-gravity pods on either side of him, desperately hoping that it hovered high enough off the ground not to crush him. He got a firm hold with his arms, pulled his knees up to his chest, and forced his legs into the small space that existed between the axles of the stabilizing fins that protruded from the sides of the tank and its underside. His pulled himself as close to the bottom as he could, just as the tank fell down forward. It came so low the dirt brushed the back of his miniature fusion reactor pack. Close.

Alex breathed a strangled sigh of relief, and hoped he could make it

to where ever this group was going intact. Wherever it was, he surmised, it was going no closer to the mountain stronghold, but he couldn't help it right now. He checked his mission clock, which read 0829 hours. It was going to be a long night.

**1256 hours, August 31, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
>Epsilon Eridani system, near large urban city Gaujus,
Planet Reach.**

Spartan-109 opened his eyes blearily, and briefly wondered where he was. He looked around, and immediately remembered it all. He jump-started his mind... and realized slowly that he had actually fallen asleep! The gravity of the situation brought him back to full operational status (as Cortana had once put it). Alex immediately tried to get his bearings.

The tank he was riding on slowed while the rest of the formation caught up. They were apparently resting or something before making their assault on what was shaping up to look like a city, which, he decided quickly, was when he would make his escape. The grassy plain they were in now was lit as if afire by the glow of the anti-grav pods and plasma. It was a bittersweet scene. The lights were so beautiful in the night, but they held a treacherous death. And they grew in number every minute. The Spartan waited for the right moment tensely.

His helmet gone, RTGS (Reach Tactical Geographic Survey) maps or holo-maps were unavailable. His battered Battle Rifle had a compass on the side of the scope; it was currently taped to his thigh.

Alex glanced at the setting sun, which indicated west. Opposite of that was east. He estimated north and south. Good enough. He had been traveling for about 17 hours at an estimated speed of 35 MPH from very near the ONI underground facility. That would put them... He did the calculations in his head... Somewhere near Tur-Ch'gall. Tur-Ch'gall was one of the major civilian centers in the Northern Hemisphere.

Alex wrenched his legs free, dropping them the six inches that it took to reach the soft ground. A golden armored Elite, called a Zealot, stalked up to the side of the Wraith and conversed with the driver for a full five minutes, during which Alex was absolutely still, hardly daring to breath. The Zealot retreated, though, calling some sort of meeting.

The Spartan slowly lowered himself all of the way to the weed-choked ground. The tired warrior ripped his Battle Rifle free with his good arm, and braced it against his side. He slowly cocked it, utterly silent. He was about to roll away, when he caught a word of what the Zealot was yelling in his righteous fury. 'Ch'gal UNSC Holdings' which was the military research/safe-house facility in the middle of the metropolis.

That didn't sound good.

Neither did what the Zealot said next. It sounded like something along the lines of 'reclaim... tainted relic' which the Elites seemed to love to say. The other Sangheili roared approval, ferociously gnashing their fearsome mandibles together over and over. The Zealot ceremoniously knelt down to give thanks to the 'gods', the others

solemnly did likewise. There was deeper chanting, more ominously ceremonious words. And then it was over. With another roar, the Zealot mounted his Ghost, as the other Elites scrambled to get their own. Their eerie whine filled the air, humming through Alex's body. The tank Alex was under slowly started forward; he was exposed.

The Spartan found new energy coursing through his battered and burnt body. If it was important to them, it was important to him. He had to get the artifact first. And, he determined, he would. No matter what.

And that was when they saw him.

6. Culmination

**0100 hours, August 32, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
>Epsilon Eridani system, near large urban city Gaujus,
Planet Reach.**

Alex bolted in an instant, jumping and kicking the Zealot right of his humming vehicle and roughly landing in the seat. He reached for what controls looked right, hit what he assumed to be the throttle, and erupted off into the night with Sangheili chasing after him like a swarm of deadly bees.

The Spartan hunched forward in his seat, willing the powerful machine to go a little faster. He glanced at the sun again, and zoomed desperately towards Gaujus. His vehicle rattled as it took hits from the shower of plasma splashing around him, igniting fires everywhere. A massive explosion rattled his teeth as a Wraith blew out a crater thirty feet across in front of his path. The enormous globule of plasma that a Wraith tank hurled could vaporize anything within forty feet. Alex was blinded by heat and light and sound, but he wrenched the controls to the left, trying to avoid the glass-encrusted hole. The Ghost's back end whipped around, and it shot forward, almost flipping. Behind him Alex could hear the crash of metal being torn and the screams of the dying as some Elites hurtled over the edge of the pit and dashed to the razor-sharp glass down below. Others smashed into them and flipped through the air before they exploded in a violent crescendo of radiant death as the plasma drives ruptured.

Alex gritted his teeth and anxiously swerved back to the right back around the crater, trying to split some of the enemy up. His injured arm cried out in pain, but he ignored it. He could see the lights of Gaujus up ahead, if only he could make it to the city... Then a black Ghost pulled up to the side of him. A muscular Elite in matt black armor growled and yelled in the Sangheili language. The Spartan jerked the controls over, ramming the black vehicle. The dark Elite growled. With a roar, he slammed into Alex. The Spartan's Ghost weaved back and forth unsteadily as the black Ghost's anti-grav pod got trapped under his. Its nose pitched forward just as Alex leapt off, and it crashed to the ground, flipping end over end before blowing up.

Alex wrestled with the giant alien for control of the speeding vehicle. He reached around the alien's neck, grabbed its split jaw, and twisted the head around until he heard a _snap_. Another star blossomed ahead of him as a Wraith shot hammered the earth. He was

blinded for a split second before he was overwhelmed by the deafening roar of the colossal blast. The light faded and he saw another huge crater before he pitched forward over its abyss and fell into the jagged glass crust. Alex threw himself away from the vehicle; he knew it would rupture. But as he slammed into the glass at 37 MPH, he wished he had just died the easy way.

Spartan-109 lay on his back in the cracked soil, blood pouring out from numerous wounds. His left hand was broken, and a few fingers were missing. His chest plate was twisted and ruined. Thousands of slivers of glass had sliced up into him like microscopic incisions. Alex blinked, trying to clear his blurred vision. He looked up at the stunning star-system above him. He imagined he could see earth, majestic as ever. The pain was ebbing away now. He smiled sadly; thinking of his comrades. His Friends. His brothers. He saw each of their faces slide past him. John, Li, Joshua, Vinh, Samuel, Isaac, William, Anton... They all said goodbye. Alex choked on his lifeblood, and a tear slid down his shredded face. He hoped they had a good time saving the world. _Maybe_, he lied to himself, _after they are done, they will go back and sit around the bunks and play a game of cards like they used to. _But he knew it would never happen.

The tired soldier sighed, coughed blood.

_Goodbye _he whispered, and closed his eyes.

**Reviews appreciated. Jadomaster **

End
file.